

Dum Dum (feat. Lecrae)

[Tedashii](#)

Real Skinny

Loud Color Tenni's

Body marked Up Like Graffiti I don't push a Maserati, Beamer, Benz or Bentley And yeah I rode
a foreign, and yes I'm looking spiffy Go ahead and doubt us, but what you know about us

We ain't gotta follow them (No), we take another route-a

No we ain't blowin trees bro, open up my window

I see you poppin tags, but you know that's why yo ends low

I tried to tell em we was comin', go on, let us in

Why they hatin' like we all a bunch of Hooligans?

Know when people hear it they gon' love or they fear it

And how we flow, when we show up at a show

They say we go S.O. hard in the paint, they can't wait for some mo'.

But some others say we preachin', some close-minded teachin's,

Like we aint heard of Marx, Locke, and Nietzsche, believe me. 'Ey, they don't know about us,
they don't-they don't know about us. (Hey, they don't know.) They don't know about, they-they-
they don't know about us.

They don't know about us, they don't-they don't,

They think we dum dum, diddy-dum dum.

But they gon' know, they gon' know about us, they gon' know about us,

They gon' know about us, they gon' know about us,

They gon' know about us, they gon' know about us, (Hey, what'cha say?)

Oh they gon' know about us, they gon' know about us.

6, 2, 2 plus, go on add it up,

(Hey, that's a big problem, call it Calculus.)

Math on subtract, but content like I had enough,

Long hair, don't care, Samoan, plus I'm tatted up.

I know this blow ya mind, and I ain't blowin' pine,

Not talkin' women lookin' skimpy every otha' line.

Yeah, I got a dime, about to make her mine,

Life in Christ got me finished like a crossed the line.

W-w-with the way that you're telling me to do it, sell-out to sell-out,

Nah, man, it's so foolish! D-done tryin' to be you, it don't fit.

Mis-fit, I don't trip, everybody hate Chris!

They sayin get with this, just like a membership,

They talkin' slick I

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>